

## The Far Distant Milky Way.

LOOK at the glowing band of the Milky Way passing through the zenith any of these bright nights and, as you look, remember that astronomers say there is a gap of ninety-five thousand million miles between its nearest stars and the earth on which you stand.

## The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Tunnel Near Valenski's Castle Is Surrounded by Mystery on Brink of Steep Precipice.

"I passed down over the brink at the dizzy depth below. Luckily, I have done some mountaineering in my time, and am not given to losing my head when looking over a precipice. I was asking myself what purpose this tunnel in which I stood could have served. Why was its entrance fashioned in the face of the cliff. Looking down and examining the rocky surface with greater attention I understood.

"There had once been a path—a path of the roughest and most brokenneck description—but it had been worn away by long disuse and was no longer practicable. I could trace it to the foot of the rock, for it sloped to the left and apparently passed behind the huge mass of falling water, that is, between it and the cliff.

"I traced this path out very carefully, wondering if I dare attempt to reach it. It was necessary to lower one self from the mouth of the tunnel and drop a foot or two onto a narrow ledge, where the path seemed to begin. After that, there was foothold for some little way, if one trod on the sides of one's feet and turned one's face to the rock. Then came a niche where grew a solitary shrub which might afford a minute's rest. Below this niche were some little prominences of stone, and in another spot, where it approached the waterfall, a little trickling stream had made a way for itself along the very source of the path.

"Such was the task that I must face if I decided to risk the descent. As I gazed it seemed an impossible one; besides, how was I to know that there was any path at all?

"Nevertheless, a voice within kept repeating, 'Go—Go—Go.' And, after all, was it not better to meet death by a fall from the precipice than to trust myself to the mercy to the scoundrel from whom I had escaped? My great desire was to reach the little grassy recess, from which the path branched to the waterfall in safety. There I should be out of the reach of Valenski and his crew, and would be able to gather up my courage to meet further difficulties. If I could but reach that recess! It was more than a quarter of the way down, and to my excited imagination it appeared the very haven of my desires.

"I prepared for the first step. I measured my distance, and turned my face away from the precipice preparatory to letting myself down. My feet were hanging over the ledge. And at that moment I became aware of a pair of eyes fixed upon me from the depth of the tunnel, and of the sound, dimly heard through the roar of the water, of hurrying footsteps. I had been seen, and my enemies were upon me.

"I drew back from the precipice and awaited my adversary. In a

moment he was up with me, a burly gypsy, whose face was unfamiliar. "Who are you?" he cried, and what were you about to do?" Then he recognized me. "The cursed police spy!" he muttered. It was clear that Valenski had explained from the first who I was, or that word had been sent on from Dublitz, perhaps even from the village where Valenski and I had named the preceding night—announcing my arrival. This explained the black looks with which I had been greeted.

"I was in a state of frenzied excitement. I had worked my nerves to a point of great tension before I had made up my mind to risk the precipice path. I could not have spoken a word for my life. I panted and choked and, with a spring, I hurled myself upon the man.

"My attack took him by surprise. Probably he had suspected nothing of the sort, and had not seen that I held a knife. He swore a loud oath and grappled with me, but I saw the blood spurt from his shoulder where I had struck him. He was a much bigger man than I, and in better condition, but I was able to stab him again before his arm circled me and wrenched the knife from me.

"He did not cry out—luckily for me. Had he done so I should easily have been overpowered. Men are usually silent when forced to an unexpected fight. Besides, in the excitement of the moment, he hardly felt that he was wounded, and considered himself perfectly able to grapple with me alone.

"Be that as it may, he bore me to the ground, and I knew that his fingers were making for my throat. He had dropped the knife after tearing it from me, and was depending upon his hands alone.

"I struggled with the utmost of my power, but he was a much heavier and more powerful man than I. I felt helpless in his hands. With one of his arms he encircled both of mine, and I could neither strike nor defend myself.

"And after a few moments of anguish—moments in which I was conscious that I was being forced to my death, I saw the blue sky above me and knew that we had reached the end of the tunnel. And then there was no longer any support for my head and shoulders—they were hanging over the side of the cliff, where my body would soon follow—a sheer fall to the valley below.

"God have mercy!" I cried in anguish, for it seemed that no earthly power could save me. My face was wet with the spray of the waterfall and my opponent's blood, the roar of the water in my ears was deafening. I shut my eyes to the sunlight, and because I knew that in another moment the end must come. Slowly my adversary loosened his hold of me, and drew himself together for the last effort. And then he suddenly uttered a cry and I felt his limbs relax.

"Free for the moment, I threw myself back from the brink of the abyss and struck out wildly upward with both fists. The man had been

If You Slight Opportunity on Its First Visit, You Seldom See It Again



## Magazine Page



## It's the Collarless Neck Line Now

From the September Number of Good Housekeeping



The collarless neck conserves material. A fold of chiffon placed as in the model at the right, with the edge of the material button-holed in a long and short stitch, is effective. The model at the left reveals a circular effect which promises to be extremely fashionable with beads to form the edge.

The newest thing this Winter is the two-thirds length separate coat, and here it is in a most engaging French model by Premet. It is of taupe satin, sashed, one-sided.

leaning over me, putting all his endeavor into the task of pushing me over, and my blow must have reached his head with stunning effect. He fell forward, turning almost a somersault, and before I could fully realize what had happened, he had disappeared into the void.

"For a moment I lay there on the brink of the precipice, and then I recovered myself sufficiently to raise to my head and shoulder the time being, though I knew not how. It was not till later that I understood that the gypsy had been weakened by the stab I had inflicted and that his strength had given out at the critical moment when he was about to thrust me over.

"I could think of nothing for the moment, nothing but that one danger was over, and I must face another without delay. I crawled to the edge of the cliff and looked down. My late adversary, by some unknown chance, had fallen upon the little grassy ledge which lay some distance down to which the path I wished to follow led. He lay on his back, his white face turned upwards, and I felt instinctively that he was not dead.

"Without pausing an instant longer, I little as I was for the attempt, I turned my face to the cliff and lowered myself to the narrow ridge where the uncertain path began.

"I had committed myself to a hazardous undertaking. Return was impossible.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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Only the Lieutenant's Quick Wit Saved Her From Disgracing the Uniform.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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## Protect Your Girls

A WORD TO ALL PARENTS

By William A. McKeever.

STEADILY the great stream of our American girlhood flows on its way toward the shops, stores, banks and a hundred other more isolated places left vacant by our young soldiers.

"Can your girl stand this new strain? Is she becoming more and more hardened to what seems like an unhappy fate?"

In the course of my constant journeyings—have been in thirteen different States this present month I find that the teenage girls are filling the vacant places in surprising numbers. The majority of them are set immature physically and mentally. The older girls are not available for this shop and clerical work as they are as they are in constant demand for higher priced Government positions and others.

Especially in the case of these girls of war, the younger set of girls have been employed. For example, in a certain store with a year ago the merchant employed four men, he and his wife and two fifteen-year-old girls are doing the work. This country cannot well afford to have the flower of its young girlhood thus drawn into the rough channels of employment.

First, make sure that your girl in the store or shop is not hampered by an abnormal physical handicap. Remember that her physical fitness is necessarily a delicate mechanism, that there is a danger of misplacement of the vital organs and that this last error alone could easily deprive her of her peace and happiness of life, to say nothing of her every item of the day's duties, and if the employer is carelessly permitting any overstrain of the kind named, see him and ask for a correction.

Build up your girl's moral purpose and self-defense. Being so immature, she will become more easily the prey of the evil-doer. It is not merely the girl's leisure time, but her hours of employment that must be thought of in this connection. The records show that girls in the teenage are often stealthily ensnared.

The trouble usually starts with

what seems like happy jests and jokes and remarks about the person and drifts slowly into a dangerous familiarity. The man who would ruin your girl may begin his quest in this way. Later he will resort to pinching and scuffling.

One of the very best ways whereby to help your girl reorganize her personality within and make it a strong defense in the new danger zone into which she has gone is to see that she receives many new ideas in life and its higher purposes. Perhaps the church is the best agency for this purpose. A weekly sermon, a midweek church attendance and active connection with a young people's religious society—such experiences as these will give your girl a constant supply of clean, uplifting thoughts for her quiet reflection, and prove to be a strong defense against the evils which tend to encroach upon her.

It is really a part of the country's great patriotic program to have your girl take up this industrial service. But to make it successful, you must give her the proper council with her and do everything possible to make her secure and assert by virtue of the inner strength of her own personality.

And just here may be your chief patriotic duty, mother.

### Not A Cricketer.

The little man rushed into the shop, and banged wildly on the counter.

"Look here!" he cried, holding out a handful of something that looked like soda. "Yer sold this to me yesterday—sampler balls!"

"Er—yes?" said the puzzled chemist.

"To kill moths," ejaculated the little man, with great scorn. "How in the name of thunder d'you think I'm going to kill moths with them balls? If ye can show me a man that can hit a moth with one of them I'll say nothing more about the ornaments in me wife and I've broke with them. Kill moths, indeed!"

### Sound of the Sunset.

An old lady, walking in a country town with her soldier nephew, was startled by the sound of the sunset gun. "Dear me, what was that?" she exclaimed. "Oh," replied her nephew, "sunset." "Well, well," she said, "never knew it went down with such a bang; but then I live in New York, and there are so many other noises!"

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Meeting Without an Introduction.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My sister, a girl friend and I went to a park, where we had a few dances together. When my sister and her friend went on the floor a young man in uniform asked me if I would dance, and I accepted, with the thought he was far away from home, serving Uncle Sam, and it was my place to do things pleasant. I found him interesting and allowed him to see me home, when I invited him to call. He sailed for France and on his return trip took my sister and me to a theater and brought us straight home at an early hour. He is again on shore leave, and I received a letter telling me he would like to pay my sister and me a visit, and could he bring one of his mates with him?

My parents objected to his calling on us because we had not been properly introduced. But I know he means well, and I feel a sailor far from home is lonely and might be entertained with a little music. I am sure he would enjoy it better than sitting on a park bench.

As long as you and your sister seem to have become acquainted with the young man without an introduction and he has not taken advantage of your informality, nothing would be gained by hurting his feelings and refusing to answer his letter.

Acquaintances made in this way, however, are not to be recommended to young girls. And while the boys in the service are extremely unlikely to do anything discreditable to their uniforms, still it would be better if you want to make things pleasant for them to have some older person take the initiative in making their acquaintance. Introductions may then proceed in regular order.

### A Pit of Temper.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

One day while walking with my girl friend we met a boy acquaintance, and he said to her: "Don't go with her, but come with me," and she went away with him. I felt insulted, but did not show it. Instead I wrote her a nasty note. I have apologized to her two or three times, but still she does not accept it.

WAITING IN VAIN.

It is most unwise to write a letter or talk when you are thoroughly angry. And you are now suffering the consequences of this bit of self-indulgence. If your friend will not accept your apology, I am afraid there is nothing else for you to do. However, she was lacking in courtesy to leave you for the boy, and under the circumstances, she might afford to be a little magnanimous.

### Stays Out Too Late.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and living with my aunt and uncle. I have a number of friends of the same age and love to go out with them, but my aunt always objects. Recently I met a young man and I have been out with him till midnight quite often without letting my aunt know. I have had lots of trouble at home about it, and my aunt told me I must leave her house if I don't get home by 10:30 p. m. To you think it had for a girl of eighteen to stay out that late?

TROUBLED GIRL.

I would try, as long as I was living with my aunt, to abide by her rules and be at home by 10:30. I agree with her that midnight is too late for a girl to be out with some older person in the party.

## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the defeat of the Turks by John Sobieski, King of Poland, in 1683. Sobieski was one of the greatest warriors of the seventeenth century. His defeat of the Turks near Vienna made him the hero of Christendom, but the Emperor Leopold of Austria proved singularly ungrateful for the aid of his Polish ally.

## When a Girl Marries

A SERIAL OF YOUNG WEDDED LIFE

Anne Finds Herself Tete-a-Tete With Tom Mason, Who Insists That He Stay to Supper.

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER XII.

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THERE was no one in the living room when I returned. It seemed big and lonely in spite of its glowing flames—colorful torches and flickering candles. I was suddenly glad I need not eat my first meal alone—that would have made my longing for Jim too cruel!

I arranged the cold meats and bread and crackers, and the radishes and little cream-colored pat of cheese on the plates that were laid out in readiness. Then I called Evelyn.

Tom Mason strode in from the kitchenette with an air of being completely at home. His coat was off, and he was just rolling down the sleeve of his tan silk shirt. "I've been washing—scrubbing—rather," he announced.

"Evelyn, too, I suppose. Oh, Evelyn," I called.

"Evelyn's gone," replied Mr. Mason, quietly.

"Gone? You're joking!" I cried, running to the door that led to the kitchenette and back in my haste to end this game of hide and seek.

"Mrs. Harrison, you needn't look for Evelyn. She's gone. I tell you. Sally Royce phoned out to Hempstead to invite Evelyn to join them and Sheldon Blake on a motor trip up the road. And Evelyn's mother gave Sallie this number—so, of course, when Sally called Evelyn here, what was there to do?"

"Then I must eat my supper alone, after all!" I cried, feeling decidedly sorry for myself.

The man smiled.

"Not at all—I'm here."

"But you can't stay, Mr. Mason," I said, with a frankness that might have been called downright rudeness.

"Don't be foolish."

"Can't stay? Don't be foolish. Why can't I stay? I'm here, and you're here, and the supper is here."

"You see, I'm a small-town girl and a business woman, and I haven't had much time for city society. My eyes were wide open when you—

think Jim's wife is a bore."

My verdict was a trifle premature.

"Run along and cool off a bit, little girl. Wait a minute—we can't have you supping in that stuff, formal satin dress. Here's the very thing!"

I hurried over to a wardrobe, carved chest set across the corner of the room and drew out a robe of silk. It glinted in woven lights of blue and green and brought, I fairly scintillated. He held it toward me with a little smile of complete understanding.

"I couldn't," I gasped. I was exhausted and the day had been a nightmare of trying to forget. I wanted to cry.

Mr. Mason came toward me and flung the flashing silk garment at the couch between us as he drew me down into his cushioning embrace and sank beside me, holding my cold hands in his strong grasp. His eyes were alight, and his voice vibrated as he spoke:

"Donna Anna! Poor little tired lady. I want you to be happy in your new home. We're friends, aren't we? Don't be formal with me—run and put on the robe, little girl, and we'll have a cozy evening."

There was nothing in his words perhaps to terrify, but absolute panic took possession of me. "I'm grateful. Thank you for all you have done to help," I said, with determination ringing in my voice. "I wouldn't be rude to one of Jim's friends for the world—but you must go."

He smiled and loosed his clasp of my hands.

"Go, put on the robe, little girl. You must go to bed in a voice. I had to struggle to keep steady."

And then, as he shook his head in shame, smiling negation, the telephone rang, and Mr. Mason leaped to his feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The obvious thing to do is to get it.

I shrank back in amazement. Mr. Mason actually thought that I would let him remain. Perhaps it all seemed natural enough to a New York society man, but to me the very idea was revolting. First of all, I did not want to have guests, a little "house warming" before my husband had eaten a meal in his own home. Now it no longer seemed a question of feelings and desires alone, but one actually of dignity—of decency.

Of course, I couldn't—I wouldn't permit this man to remain alone with me in the apartment. But I offered him and seemed to him a narrow minded and old fashioned, I must make that clear.

I tried. But Mr. Mason smiled at me in a fashion that made me feel like an ignorant little girl talking to a wise old man.

"My dear child, don't be absurd. How could I matter if I stay for half an hour, eat my share of the party, to which you have just invited me, and that looks so delicious—or whether I go now, hungry and tired? Surely you don't despise me of my supper. I've earned Jim's haven't I? Child alive, Jim would like it if you go around snubbing all his old friends."

I had snubbed some of Jim's friends—Mr. Mason spoke as if that was common knowledge. I didn't want to offend again.

Oh, don't know what to do! I cried, desperately.

"Of course, you don't, you poor little tired child. But I, as one of Jim's oldest friends, assure you—I would want to see the right and proper thing. You are a good girl, deny me your hospitality—are you?"

In a series of flashes it came over me that I generally did the wrong thing where Jim's friends were concerned. This man, who had been so kind to me, had known Jim since boyhood.

"I'm so worn out I can't think," I stammered. "I didn't mean to be rude—I just wanted to do what was dignified and proper. You understand that, don't you, Mr. Mason?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Wonders Never Cease.

"I saw a wonderful trick last night," said one boy to another. "A man actually turned a handkerchief into an egg." "Oh, there's nothing in that," said the other. "Only a week or two ago I saw a man turn a cow into a field!"

## FUNNEL NEEDED

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